HANOVER, MAY 31, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

I HAD lately a mind for relaxation; and fallying forth, very fortunately fell into a room, in which a number had collected to paſs a ſocial hour. Upon admiſſion, I had the pleaſure to make one of the party. After a round of common-place obſervations, the converſation, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, turned upon perſons and characters. To give a detail of all which paſſed, it is preſumed, would not contribute to edification; I will, however, attempt a ſummary ſketch.

Mr. Trinket was introduced, *imprimis*. A completer form, ſaid my friend Pollio, never dropt from the hand of nature. His body, his limbs, his features! Not a ſingle blemiſh; but the moſt exact ſymmetry in every part. What a pity it is, that he ſhould be ſo deficient in other reſpects!—What does he lack? ſaid I.—Ho! lack, ſaid he, rather aſk what he does not lack. Why, ſaid Pinnio, did you ever know any one, who was ſo *very handſome*, to have any thing elſe to recommend him?—(*Appropos*. Pinnio will never be hanged for *his* beauty.) None preſent could ſay yes; ſo one claſs was diſpatched without ceremony. Mr. Tinſel came next upon the carpet. A genteeler fellow, ſaid Julio, I never ſaw. He is as eaſy and graceful in his carriage as a French *petit maitre*. His addreſs is moſt engaging; he accommodates himſelf to any company, and is perfectly adept in the whole circle of ceremonies, and in the etiquette of the polite world. He might cut a complete figure in life, and make one of the firſt characters. But did you never hear ſaid Pollio, with a very ſerious air, that he poſſeſſes many diſſipated habits?—I never *heard* that he did, replied Julio; but I think it very likely that he does.—No *doubt* he does, ſaid Lelio, for I never knew one of his caſt but that would play the harry, whenever he had an opportunity. They are commonly the biggeſt raſcals that tread the earth.—All preſent grinned aſſent.

Have you formed an acquaintance with Matheſius? aſked Pinnio. Partially, replied Julio. I underſtand that he is a very good ſcholar. He is a firſt rate ſcholar. He excels much in mathematics and philoſophy; he makes it a point to ſolve every problem that he comes acroſs. And indeed he is good in all the claſſic ſtudies. It ſeems to me, ſaid Lelio, I heard it hinted that his knowledge is pretty much confined to the claſſics. I rather think it is, ſaid Pollio, for I am ſenſible that he is ſhamefully ignorant of mankind. Let him be in what company he will, he is eternally harping upon ſomething, which falls in the line of his ſtudies. If he hears any perſon ſpoken of, he immediately enquires, whether he is a good philoſopher or mathematician; he extols the knowledge of the ſolid branches of ſcience, and allows no merit to any thing elſe. I was much diverted the other day to hear him aſk a lady why her finger did not drop off, why her ſkin was not ſo black as a negro's,—and a number of ſuch impertinent queſtions. Why is it, ſaid Pinnio, that thoſe, who are the greateſt ſcholars, blunder along at ſuch a rate in the world? Mind it when you will, they appear perfectly ridiculous whenever they ſhow themſelves in company, and are the moſt unſociable, diſguſtful and impertinent beings in nature. As none of us preſent expected ever to enter the Newtonian liſt, we were quite willing, that what Pinnio had ſaid ſhould be true.

There is Sobrinus, ſaid Julio, as clever a fellow as ever was. How ſerious he always looks? Yes; ſaid Criſpo, you will ſcarcely ſee him ſmile once in a whole year; any perſon, upon a ſlight acquaintance, would ſuppoſe him to be a ſaint.—And does he not bear a thorough acquaintance?—Why, I ſuppoſe you know his character, Sir. I know nothing but what he is as clever as St. Patrick.—But did you never hear how he carries on? No; nothing at all about it. O, I am very ſorry I dropt any hints to his diſadvantage; but I ſuppoſed every body was perfectly acquainted with the matter.—No matter, for I always ſuſpected that he was a villain, notwithſtanding he looks ſo very honeſt. But what is it that you hinted at?—I chooſe not to tell; it may injure the fellow, and he has never treated me ill.—Perhaps we may think it to be ſomething worſe than it really is. No danger of that; though it is nothing very bad.—I have no opinion, ſaid Lelio, of theſe fellows who put on ſuch a long ſanctimonious face; I have found them to be the biggeſt knaves that live.—While Lelio was making his obſervations, I was obliged to leave the company. I retired, however, to my room and made ſome very ſage reflections, which, for want of time, I ſuppreſs, leaving every one to his own ſuggeſtions for the application.

FIDELIO.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

LANGUAGE BY EXTERNAL SIGNS.

LANGUAGE was formed for the purpoſe of eaſy communication between man and man, and in order to facilitate the progreſs of the human mind in the road of improvement. It originated from neceſſity and from the nature of ſociety. When mankind began to inhabit the earth, their attention and curioſity were conſtantly excited by the beautiful ſcenery diſplayed upon the grand theatre of nature. Hence their minds were filled with delightful and intereſting ideas, which they were deſirous of making known by reciprocal communication. To effect this purpoſe, the uſe of words became convenient and neceſſary. What peculiar advantages have been derived from the formation and uſe of language, may be ſeen from a general view of the preſent ſtate and perfection of civil ſociety.

But, before the philoſopher could ſpeak concerning the wonderful phenomena of nature; before the orator could command obedience from an admiring audience, or could declaim in defence of liberty and the rights of man, a language exiſted, whoſe foundation was nature. When Heaven, in vengeance, confounded the ſpeech of a preſuming multitude, and drove them from the top of Babel, this language remained unaltered. It extends through all nations, connecting together the whole human family in an indiſſoluble bond of union. An inhabitant of England, thrown by the boiſterous ocean upon the frozen ſhores of Iceland, can there make known his wants and neceſſities.—An aboriginal American, having heard of the fame and ſplendor of England, is prompted by curioſity to viſit that country. Having ſeen the magnificence of her cities, and the variety and richneſs of her productions, he is agitated by a ſudden emotion of joy and admiration. What words are better repreſentatives of his feelings, than the natural expreſſion of his countenance and the various movements of his body?—Such is the happy conſtitution of man, that thoſe paſſions and emotions, which operate within, are manifeſted by external ſigns. Theſe form a language more ſignificant than words, and more powerful, than the moſt ſtudied and eloquent declamations. Let us figure to our imagination, the ſhameleſs and brutal Tarquinius, when before him ſtood the venerable, but enraged Brutus. Lucretia had fallen, and Brutus had riſen with a manly indignation and courage to avenge the cauſe of injured innocence. Words were too feeble to expreſs his reſentment, but the language of his heart could chill the ſoul of Tarquinius.

Let us now figure to ourſelves a different ſcene, where the noble and exalted character of man is ſtrikingly repreſented by acts of benevolence and love. Cyrus was a king, whoſe virtues were applauded by man and approved by Heaven. By his never-failing ſucceſs in war, he had taken captive the wife of Abradates, the beautiful, the virtuous Panthea. Having viſited the royal captive, his heart was touched with ſympathy, and with his own hand, he delivered her up to her aſtoniſhed huſband. Abradates, loſt in ſilence, could

reply only by looks of love and emotions of gratitude.—If vain and conceited philoſophers can diſcover nothing in human nature declarative of Omnipotent Wiſdom, others can here diſcern effects of thoſe principles, which are conſiſtent with the moſt benevolent deſign. To ſee the villain confounded by the native eloquence of oppreſſed humanity; to ſee the generous heart amply rewarded by the ſilent language of heart felt gratitude, muſt be a ſource of permanent, of exquiſite delight. Nor is the thought unpleaſing, that the vile aſſaſſin's brow is continually enveloped by the diſmal clouds of contemplated miſchief; nor that the ſerenity of Heaven ſuffuſes the countenance of him, whoſe ſentiments are pure, whoſe actions are virtuous.

It is an attention to this natural language, that gives excellence to written compoſitions and emphaſis to verbal declamations. It is this that gives the orator the power of expreſſing thoſe finer feelings of the ſoul, which lie beyond the reach of words. Were he to declaim againſt the horrible and unjuſt practice of ſlavery, he muſt exhibit a picture before his audience, that would draw a tear of compaſſion from every beholder: He muſt paint the ſlave, confined by the ſhackles of oppreſſion, and caſting a languid look towards his native and beloved country. He muſt paint him unattended by relations or friends, and innocently ſuffering under thoſe tyrannic maſters, whoſe "tender mercies are cruel." Such a picture of human miſery, would excite a flame of ſympathy in every feeling breaſt, and bring confuſion upon the countenance of villany itſelf. It would awake the ſleeping conſcience of tyrants, and give them a momentary conviction of their horrible iniquity. It would, indeed, be advocating the cauſe of humanity, by calling in the powerful aid of natural eloquence.

LOREN.

BIOGRAPHY.

CAROLINE MATILDA, Queen of Denmark, and younger ſiſter of George the Third, poſſeſſed thoſe perſonal and mental attractions which at once pleaſe and impreſs the heart; yet we are told that the being who ought to have acknowledged their influence treated her with the utmoſt coldneſs and neglect, and, inſtead of fondly guarding the truſt repoſed in him, expoſed it to the inclemency of a foreign clime.*

"A young and amiable Queen," ſays her hiſtorian, "ſaw herſelf neglected by her huſband, whilſt ſhe was an object of reſpect and homage with every one elſe; and it could hardly be ſuppoſed that, in ſo contagious an atmoſphere, her character could be entirely unblamed."

The attentions of Struenſee, the King's favourite, and a man whom his power and affection had raiſed, ſoon became the ſubject of public converſation, and the generality of the people condemned the Queen; for ſhe not only daily rode out with him on horſeback, but generally admitted him to private parties every night; and though it is poſitively known that they were never without other company, yet ſuch decided marks of preference were undoubtedly to be blamed.

The enemies of Matilda, and the partizans of the Queen Dowager, repreſented her conduct in the moſt cenſurable light; and the King, at length, by their artful inſinuations, began to doubt the fidelity of his wife; yet it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could be prevailed upon to give an order for her confinement, which, when once executed, ended but with her life.

This order was conciſe, though reſpectful; and ſtated that the King, for reaſons of a private nature, wiſhed her to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days. But the unfortunate Matilda ſaw through the deſigns of her enemies, and, in all the terror of apprehenſion, flew to the apartment of the King; and, had not her perſecutors prevented the interview, in all probability his confidence would have been regained.

The peculiar ſweetneſs of the Queen's diſpoſition never manifeſted itſelf ſo completely as when ſhe was confined; and, as the human mind naturally takes an intereſt in the affairs of the unfortunate, her admirers increaſed from her entrance into Zell.* The perſon of Matilda was more than agreeable; for ſhe was, doubtleſs, handſome, though rather large; her complexion was fair, her eyes eloquent, her feelings ſuſceptible, her manners refined, and, when her hiſtory is better known and more impartially appreciated, poſterity will be inclined to do juſtice to her ſhade. If ſhe is not placed amongſt the number of great characters, ſhe will be ranked amongſt thoſe whom we pity and eſteem; for her errors were the effect of ſituation, example, and court-ſeduction, not of artifice, depravity, or deſign; and they doubtleſs, were over-balanced by her misfortunes, and the fortitude with which ſhe ſupported the moſt trying events of life.

Thoſe who were moſt inclined to commiſerate the Queen's misfortunes have not ſcrupled to accuſe her enemies of her death; but there is no reaſon to be aſſigned for this accuſation, except an appearance of putridity immediately after the departure of her breath: and this will be proved by the following account, which was given by her valet to one of my friends.

"The Queen, who was of a plethoric habit, had always been ſubject to inflammations in her throat; and the weather, at the time ſhe died, was uncommonly warm. On Thurſday, the 4th of May, 1775, ſhe aroſe, as was her cuſtom, very early in the morn; and the ladies, who attended her in a walking excurſion, could not even perſuade her to put on a cloak. Her Majeſty was abſent full two hours, and I obſerved that ſhe looked extremely fatigued. 'Mantel,' ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered the caſtle, 'I am not well. I am tired, and have paſſed a very reſtleſs night.' I brought in breakfaſt, but ſhe continued very languid; yet appeared at dinner, tho' ſhe could not eat, and in the afternoon complained of a pain in her throat. In the evening the card-tables were placed, but ſhe was too much indiſpoſed to attempt to play; yet reclined upon a ſofa, and appeared intereſted in the diverſion until my apprehenſions were alarmed at ſeeing her ſo ill; when I entreated her to ſend for Leyſer the phyſician, and conſent to be immediately put to bed. As ſoon as Leyſer was gone, who appeared alarmed at her ſituation—'Mantel,' ſaid the Queen, 'I am very ill, and fully believe that I ſhall die.'

"On the enſuing day the ſymptoms became worſe, and, on the following one, an eruption appeared over her whole frame; and Zimmerman, the celebrated Hanoverian phyſician, was ſent for, but gave us no hopes of her life, as he declared her diſorder to be a putrid fever of the moſt dangerous and malignant kind. On the Monday the Queen's voice began to grow inarticulate, though her ſenſes remained perfectly clear; and ſhe repeatedly commanded me to leave her, and conjured me to take both refreſhment and ſleep. On Wedneſday, the 10th of May, I perceived her diſſolution approaching, and at eleven o'clock in the evening ſhe expired."

This unfortunate Queen died in her twenty-fourth year, loved and regretted by all her friends.

With a mind ſo calculated to adorn ſociety, how much is it to be deplored that her amiable qualities ſhould have been thrown into a ſhade! yet, had her fate been united to a man of ſenſe and ſenſibility, in what a different light might ſhe not have been placed! How frequently do we obſerve a Caroline Matilda (though deſtined to walk in a ſphere below that of a Queen) deviating from that delicate walk of propriety ſo eſſential to the preſervation of a female's fame, merely from pique at a huſband's inattentions, or from a deſire of rekindling an expiring flame!

(FROM LITERARY LEISURE.)

(CONTINUED.)

EVERY day, if rightly employed, undoubtedly affords ſome uſeful reflections; and were theſe noted down, it would be amuſing, at ſome future

* A ſhort time after the King of Denmark's marriage he quitted his dominions, and viſited this (England) and ſeveral other foreign courts. This happened in the year 1768.

* The caſtle of Zell, where the Queen of Denmark was confined.

period to recall the occurrences, by the obſervations they had produced: but it would alſo be far more uſeful than amuſing, by ſhewing the improvement, the increaſed maturity, or the perfect ſtability of our judgment. Were we to preſerve a regiſter, not merely of bare facts, but of the thoughts and feelings of our minds upon them, how accurately ſhould we be enabled to trace the riſe or the demolition of ſome prejudice—to mark by what gradations our opinions attained their preſent form, and to detect the almoſt imperceptible ſhades by which, in a ſeries of years, our characters receive a totally different hue! In a record ſuch as this, a blank day would be to us a reproach! The due improvement of time ought to be the great aim of life; and there can be no better means purſued for ſo deſirable an end, than extracting from every incident ſome moral or mental advantage. Surely, of the ſcanty portion of time allotted to thoſe beings who ought to aim at perfection, no part ſhould be ſuffered to elapſe, without ſome trace worthy of remembrance.

A general habit of activity beſt enables us, who are the mere creatures of habit, to make this due improvement of our beſt poſſeſſion. Mental activity as far ſurpaſſes that which is merely corporeal, as the works of genius exceed the manufactures of art. Yet they rather aſſiſt, than impede each other; but never ſhould mere perſonal induſtry lay claim to that praiſe which is due to its more excellent counterpart. Far be it from me to rob activity of its juſt reward; it is not in the power of any declaimer to deprive it of that which its own exertion alone ſecures, for happineſs and contentment are ever the prize of activity; but while the body, while the hands are ſtrenuouſly employed, the mind may remain indolent.

Many perſons reckon that day well ſpent, in which they have forwarded or concluded any buſy undertaking, and perhaps it has been ſo; but mere perſonal induſtry, except where ſubſiſtence depends on it, is rather innocent than meritorious. The woman who, from her fortune, is exempted from the neceſſity of inceſſant needle-work, is ſurely far better employed in rendering her houſe agreeable, and her ſociety happy, than in working her finger to the bone under the pretence of induſtry, while her mind, intent upon her needle's point, ſinks into a moſt deplorable apathy towards all exertion of agreeable or engaging talents. Was Shenſtone ſo well employed while he was fretting at the waſte of time when chaſed from his pen by rural viſitors and while framing elegant aphoriſms expreſſive of his regret, as if he had reſolutely conquered the riſing peeviſhneſs within him, and ſeen his gueſts with a determination to pleaſe and be pleaſed? Great virtues and heroic exertions ſeldom fall in our way: but the due employment of every moment is in every body's power; nor will any purſuit, any occupation, tend more decidedly to our final advantage, than the continued practice of thoſe ſocial and familiar exertions which every minute demands.

Time is a poſſeſſion, of which the enormous value has never perhaps, been accurately computed. If every moment were uniformly employed to the beſt advantage, it would be difficult to aſcertain to what degree of perfection human nature might attain, even during a moderate life.—Some few inſtances of wonderful application have proved that human faculties are capable of almoſt infinite extenſion; but dazzling as are abilities of every kind, and faſcinating as is their purſuit, in which perfection is not only more viſibly approached, but with more immediate gratification to the purſuer, let it be remembered that the moral and religious uſe of time alone will ultimately benefit us.

Let us beware, then, of confounding our prejudices or partialities with our duties, and of thinking, like Shenſtone, all time miſemployed, that is not devoted to our favourite hobby-horſe.

[*Port Fol.*

AN EXTRACT.

THE mighty improvements, which have been made in every branch of polite literature within two or three centuries, ſhew us how much the world is indebted to the art of printing, which was invented a little more than three hundred years ago. This invention prepared the way for that glorious reformation in religion, which began not long after, and which without this art and the free enquiry and increaſe of knowledge that enſued, could hardly have been effected by any means ſhort of miracles.

The natural rights of mankind and the true ends of government are now as much better underſtood, than they were formerly, as the nature of religion. The right of *chriſtian* princes to exterminate *heathens* from the face of the earth, the obligation of ſubjects tamely to ſubmit to every wanton exerciſe of power in their kings, 'the enormous faith of many made for one' however ſacred they were formerly eſteemed, now appear moſt ridiculouſly abſurd even to the plaineſt ruſtic and the ſimpleſt peaſant.

Before printing was in uſe the learning of the world was confined to a very ſmall number; books were ſo ſcarce and of ſuch immenſe price as to be attainable but by few, and few were even taught the uſe of letters. The learned few aſſumed an unbounded influence over the reſt; and blind credulity was the nobleſt faith in religion, and paſſive ſubjection the moſt meritorious obedience to government.—To enquire with freedom and judge for one's ſelf was *hereſy*, and to diſpute againſt the meaſures of government was *rebellion*. But now every man, with little expence, may poſſeſs a library, and without labour of travelling into remote countries, may acquire all the knowledge which is neceſſary to the entertainment of his mind, the government of his life, or the part he has to act in ſociety.

Among the various means of promoting uſeful knowledge, a periodical paper is not the moſt inconſiderable. Such a paper well executed would greatly contribute to refine the taſte, correct the manners and improve the virtue of the people among whom it circulates. To render ſuch a paper as uſeful as poſſible, Gentlemen of education and leiſure muſt afford their aid by furniſhing it with their own ſpeculations.

The clergyman may thus diffuſe ſome important leſſons of virtue beyond the narrow circle of a ſingle pariſh, and may correct ſome foibles and follies, which, though really hurtful to the individual and to ſociety, yet ſeem hardly to deſerve the more grave and ſolemn animadverſions of the pulpit. The phyſician may thus communicate to his brethren of the faculty, ſome valuable diſcoveries, which have occurred in the courſe of his own practice, and by this method may relieve the diſtreſſes and prolong the lives of many of his fellow-mortals, whom he never ſaw.

By this vehicle the civilian may ſcatter around ſome uſeful and ſeaſonable tho'ts on ſociety, government, liberty, finance, and other matters which nearly concern the happineſs of his countrymen.

Men in private life, the merchant, the huſbandman, the artificer, in their ſeveral profeſſions; will often meet with occurrences, or make diſcoveries, which might be uſeful to mankind.

The young gentleman who is acquiring an academical education and is preparing for that profeſſion, in which he hopes, one day, to ſerve his fellow-men, may find an agreeable amuſement in writing for a public paper. Such an exerciſe added to reading good authors, and converſing with good company, will much embelliſh his ſtyle and improve his talent at compoſition. When he conſiders that his performance is to be peruſed by the public, he will ſtudy juſtneſs of ſentiment, order of thought and correctneſs of expreſſion. When he conſiders that the author is unknown, his modeſty will be relieved and he will write with manly freedom.—When he conſiders that among his numerous readers ſome are men of taſte and diſcernment, and others men of common underſtanding and education, he will endeavour to unite elegance with perſpicuity. When he conſiders the narrow limits to which he is confined, he will aim at conciſeneſs and guard againſt that languid prolixity, and that affected floridity, which is too apt to creep into juvenile compoſitions. Thus he will naturally be led to combine the ſeveral beauties and graces of a good ſtyle.

ANECDOTE.

A number of gentlemen and ladies met to ſpend a ſocial evening. Soon after, apples, as is common at ſuch times, were handed about. A gentleman, taking a ſeed of an apple, ſnapped it at a lady on the oppoſite ſide of the room, which the lady obſerving, returned another, and ſtruck him on his forehead. The gentleman, ſomewhat mortified by miſſing his aim, aſked her, "why dare you contend with me?" "Becauſe," replied the lady, "we are promiſed that the ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head."

SELECT SENTENCES.

A good man gets good out of evil. A wicked man turns good to evil.

Judge of books as of men—there is none wholly faultleſs, or perfect.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

HAMET's extract ſhall appear in our next.

ANTOINETTE will highly gratify us in continuing her numbers.

The liberality of our literary friends, in ſupplying us with many original communications, entitles them to our warmeſt gratitude. Further communications will be agreeably accepted.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

ON yonder poplar tree,
Hark, hear the red-breaſt ſing,
As gratefully ſhe hails,
The joy diffuſing ſpring.

Thrice welcome, pretty bird,
Our poplar ſhades among;
Here may'ſt thou dwell ſecure,
And tune th' extatic ſong.

And I, while day declines,
Will at the window be,
To hear thy untaught ſtrains,
And thou ſhalt ſing to me.

And when the ſun ſhall reach
The far-off weſtern hill,
I'll hie me to the lawn,
And thou ſhalt warble ſtill.

Then will I gaze around,
Enraptured with the ſcene,
Contraſting winter's gloom,
With ſpring's delightful green.—

As thus young Anna ſpoke,
The ſportſman took his aim,
And red-breaſt fluttering fell,
And writh'd, and gaſp'd with pain!

Ann dropp'd a pitying tear,
And breathed a feeling ſigh:—
Ah! Anna, 'tis the lot
Of all that *lives* to *die*!!

O. Z.

SPRING.

An ODE.—By Dr. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And nature, on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleaſure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture ſings and beauty ſhines.
Yet tho' my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ——'s humble turrets riſe.
Here ſtop my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales purſue,
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.
From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd, when moſt improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool mediation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.
But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

ADDRESS TO THE BOTANIC GODDESS.

Stay your rude ſteps! whoſe throbbing breaſts infold
The legion-fiend of Glory, or of Gold!
Stay! whoſe falſe lips ſeductive ſimpers part,
While Cunning neſtles in the harlot-heart!—
For you no Dryads dreſs the roſeate bower,
For you no Nymphs their ſparkling vaſes pour;
Unmark'd by you, light Graces ſwim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their ſhafts, unſeen.
But Thou! whoſe mind the well-attemper'd ray
Of Taſte and Virtue lights with purer day;
Whoſe finer ſenſe each ſoft vibration owns
With ſweet reſponſive ſympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the ſun, and ſhuts it to the ſtorm;—
For thee my borders nurſe the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow ſlides the painted ſnail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my yearly nations play,
Or win with ſinuous train their trackleſs way;
My plumy pairs in gay embroidery dreſs'd
Form with ingenious bill the penſile neſt,
To Love's ſweet notes attune the liſtening dell,
And Echo founds her ſoft ſymphonious ſhell.
And, if with Thee ſome hapleſs Maid ſhould ſtray,
Diſaſterous Love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid ſteps to yonder glade,
Whoſe arching cliffs depending alders ſhade;
There, as meek Evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moon-beams glimmer through the trembling trees,
The rills, that gurgle round, ſhall ſoothe her ear,
The weeping rocks ſhall number tear for tear;
There as ſad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Singe to the Night from her accuſtom'd thorn;
While at ſweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale, and whiſpers round the grot;
The ſiſter-woe ſhall calm her aching breaſt,
And ſofter ſlumbers ſteal her cares to reſt.—
Winds of the North! reſtrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the boſom of theſe happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering Clouds, revolve!
Diſperſe, ye Lightnings! and, ye Miſts diſſolve!
—Hither, emerging from yon orient ſkies,
BOTANIC GODDESS! beyond thy radiant eyes;
O'er theſe ſoft ſcenes aſſume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the ſtill dawn thy placid ſmile effuſe.
And with thy ſilver ſandals print the dews;
In Noon's bright blaze thy vermil veſt unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner ſtar'd with gold.

The following lines are peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by tender and benevolent ſentiment.

For the Blind Aſylum, Liverpool.

STRANGER, pauſe—for thee the day
Smiling pours its cheerful ray,
Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,
Lights the ſtream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pauſe—with ſoften'd mind,
Learn the ſorrows of the Blind;
Earth and ſeas, and varying ſkies,
Viſit not their cheerleſs eyes.

Not for them the bliſs to trace
The chiſel's animating grace;
Nor on the glowing canvas find
The poet's ſoul, the ſage's mind.
Not for them the heart is ſeen,
Speaking thro' th' expreſſive mien;
Not for them are pictur'd there
Friendſhip, pity, love ſincere.

Helpleſs, as they ſlowly ſtray,
Childhood points their cheerleſs way;
Or the wand exploring guides
Fault'ring ſteps, where fear preſides.

Yet for them has Genius kind
Humble pleaſures here aſſign'd;
Here with unexpected ray,
Reach'd the ſoul that felt no day.

Lonely blindneſs here can meet
Kindred woes, and converſe ſweet;
Torpid once, can learn to ſmile
Proudly o'er its uſeful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,
Op'd on day the darken'd eye;
Humbly copy—thou canſt feel—
Give thine alms—thou canſt not heal.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my muſe the flow'ry treaſures ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial light;
And vary'd tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted ſhow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain,
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees cathedral-walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows:
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope and its expected ſhade.
Here orange-trees with bloom and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal fountains play,
By laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream.
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

POPE.

EPITAPH.

WHILE o'er this marble bends thy penſive eye,
Here, ſtranger, breathe the tributary ſigh!
Beneath theſe groves their Garrick nurs'd the art
That reign'd reſiſtleſs o'er each feeling heart;
And here thoſe virtues dawn'd whoſe power benign
Bids hope for him celeſtial palms entwine.
Oft has his bounty, with pervading ray,
Chas'd the dark cloud from want's tempeſtuous day;
And oft his ſilence, generous as his aid,
Hid from the world the nobleſt part he play'd.

Miſs Seward.

On a company of bad dancers to good muſic.

HOW ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

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